

# Good Morning 239

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



# HERE'S BURIED TREASURE

## BOXING'S BULKIEST BASHER

**PRIMO CARNERA**, the "Ambling Alp," as he was nicknamed in America, has been reported wounded and captured by the Germans in his native Italy. It has been said that he was fighting as a guerrilla, and this means that he runs the risk of being shot.

It is to be hoped that he will not meet such a sticky end, as he was evidently fighting on our side, and from what I knew of him, he was by no means a bad sort.

Carnera was the biggest (in bulk) heavy-weight the ring has seen. He was hit up by his exploiters more as a circus turn in the early days of his career rather than as a serious challenger for the world's heavy-weight title.

He looked so big and awkward in the ring that the spectators laughed, and at first very few people ever thought he would make a genuine boxer.

### PUNCH THAT KILLED.

I saw him as a very awkward novice, and I remarked at the time that it was a good thing for his opponents he did not know how to punch properly. I added that if he ever did learn to punch correctly he would very likely kill his man.

Well, he did learn to punch correctly, and one of his opponents did die after a contest with him, though I take no satisfaction in proving correct in my forecast.

He knocked out **Ernie Schaaf** in the 13th round at New York in 1933, and, as Schaaf never regained consciousness, Carnera was arrested and charged with manslaughter.

Although he was acquitted, it took him a long time to get over the worry of the fatality. He wanted to retire from the ring and go home, as he had by this time made enough money to live in comfort in the comparative cheapness of living in his native Italy.

His manager, however, had no such qualms. His business instinct told him that the unfortunate affair with Schaaf had put Carnera where he wanted him, and that was to be accepted as No. 1 challenger for the world's heavy-weight title.

### SHARKEY'S KNOCKOUT.

Thus Carnera, four months later, was matched with **Jack Sharkey** for the heavy-weight championship. Sharkey, a temperamental pugilist, more like a film star than a fighter, was none too popular at the time, and the match attracted a tremendous crowd, largely on the assumption that Sharkey would be given a terrific licking.

The reason Sharkey took on the match was that he had fairly easily outpointed the Ambling Alp in a fifteen-round contest two years earlier.

What Sharkey apparently did not realise was that Carnera was a very different person in 1933. The crowd saw what it

went to see, and that was Sharkey soundly beaten.

He was knocked out in the sixth round, and the heavy-weight title left America for the first time in many years.

It was at the instance of **Mussolini** that Carnera was ordered to stage his next championship fight in Rome. He had put Italy on the boxing map in no half-hearted manner and there had to be celebrations in style, a Roman holiday in fact.

The opponent chosen was a good one in order to show the Italian's boxing skill to the best advantage. This was **Paolino**, the Basque wood-cutter, who was tougher by far than any of the wood he had ever cut.

Nobody could truthfully describe **Paolino** as a boxer. He was a fighter from the word "go," and he defeated many good men in the ring, but he was just about as skilful in the boxing sense as a log of mahogany rolling down a stream.

All the same, he was dead game, and to say that he was tough is just putting it mildly. Nobody had knocked him out, and not even Carnera could do this.

No doubt the Italians felt a trifle disappointed at Carnera's failure to score a knock-out in his first fight after winning the world's title, but they had the pleasure of seeing him win on points. If a novice could have stayed the distance with **Paolino**, the chances are that he would win on points, for if the Basque failed to win by a knock-out, which was rare, he was usually outpointed.

### ALL AGAINST HIM.

Now it must be said for Carnera that, with everything against him, he had the intelligence to thoroughly master the art of boxing and to become a world's champion. In the circumstances this is surprising, but it is nevertheless true. He was, to all intents and purposes, ill-fitted for boxing.

He stood 6 ft. 6½ ins., and weighed about 20 st. The size of his feet although proportionate to his enormous frame, made him appear too clumsy for speedy movement in the ring.

His introduction to the ring is worth recalling. He was working on a building in Paris as a plasterer, when he was noticed by an old French boxer, who was attracted by his size and his quick movements for one so big. You must know that to be a successful plasterer you have to be able to move quickly. The old boxer had a talk with Carnera and asked him if he had ever tried to box.

Carnera had not tried his hand at boxing, but had done a little wrestling, not so much as he would have liked, because he could not find many opponents who cared to tackle him.

The ancient French "pug" took him in hand and was be-

## W. H. MILLIER tells the story

ginning to teach him the rudiments of the game when a smart guy of a manager saw immense possibilities in the man-mountain and promptly "pinched" him.

In between bouts with a number of "set-ups" Carnera did a strong man act in a circus and, getting plenty of publicity, he soon became a draw in Paris.

After a few more easy fights he was brought to London and given an easy journey. The boxing crowd regarded him as a joke, which was pardonable at the time, but it was after this that he really set about learning the game in earnest, and that he succeeded is indeed to his credit.

### "JOKE" MADE MONEY.

For all his colossal size he learned to box in good style, with a variety of useful punches. His timing improved, and his footwork was positively astonishing for one so tremendously heavy.

He was, to all intents and purposes, a manufactured champ on, yet at the finish he arrived at the top by sheer merit.

Of course, the fact must not be lost sight of that all his opponents suffered under a tremendous weight-handicap. Then again, it has to be considered that he became a champion at a time when outstanding champions, particularly heavy-weight champions, were a thing of the past.

With four years of frequent contests in America, and two championship fights, Carnera packed up a nice parcel of money and returned, well endowed with the world's goods, to the home which he had to leave because they could not find enough food for him to eat.

Of all the European fighters to go to the U.S.A., there was none that was more beset by racketeers and chisellers than this big lump of gorgonzola.

He had a shrewd enough manager in all conscience, but before he could feel safe to walk abroad and return intact to his hotel, he had to be taken under the wing of a notorious gangster.

Carnera's period was, I am told, the time when chiselling in the U.S.A. had reached its peak. It was the heyday of **Al Capone**. This overseas "Mussolini" held court in honour of his fellow-countryman, Carnera.

He presented him with the freedom of Miami when he went there to fight **Jim Maloney**. In his enormous reception room **Capone** had gathered all the big-wigs of the moment to meet Carnera. They included politicians, leading lawyers, high police officials and many of their best clients.

**Capone** offered him his house for so long as he wished to stay in Miami. He placed a magnificent yacht, with full crew, at his disposal; offered him any one of the forty cars he chose to select from the **Capone** garages, and anything else he cared to name.

Truly, the hospitality of a king—if only a king of crime.

## READY TO LIFT

If you want adventure with a big reward, here is your chance. It is a fact that even now several groups have been formed to take up the trail for vast fortunes that are known to await the discoverers. As soon as the war is over a number of expeditions will leave Britain on the most romantic quests on earth—the lifting of treasure.

**Captain Malcolm Campbell**, the famous racing motorist, is no dreamer. In 1925, he and a party of men, including an Admiral, chartered the yacht belonging to **Mr. K. Lee Guinness**, the "Adventuress," and set sail for the **Cocos Islands**, off the coast of **Costa Rica**.

They had come into possession of an old chart which estimated that treasure of pirates was buried in **Cocos**. The amount estimated by **Sir Malcolm Campbell** was about twelve millions sterling.

They spent weeks on the island, digging, blasting and surveying. They did not find the treasure, but they believe it is still there, buried under masses of earth and rock.

There are really three treasures there. There is that of **Captain Ed. Davis**, the notorious buccaneer; there is that of **Benito Bonito**, the pirate who sacked towns and sank ships with deadly greed; and there is the **Lima treasure**, buried by **Captain Thompson**, an adventurer who turned pirate and joined **Bonito**.

The party at least located a cave which is believed to contain the pirate's loot. It lies in **Chatham Bay**; but the weather and circumstances were against them and they had to leave it. But **Sir Malcolm** wrote afterwards: "I am convinced that **Chatham Bay** is the spot."

After this war the **Cocos** loot may be found. When the war ends there is another adventure that will be made by **Mr. Angus Watt**, native of Scotland, who claims to have discovered a secret hoard of gold in a lagoon in the **British East Indies**.

During the last war **Mr. Watt** was serving in the **R.A.M.C.** out there, and when he was fishing with a friend his hook caught on an obstruction. The water was

very clear, and, gazing down, the two men say that the line had caught on the edge of what looked like a gold plate. They got it up.

They dived down and groped about, and brought up several gold candlesticks and a few more gold plates. These were tested and found to be pure gold. The two Britishers kept the matter quiet, but they sold several of the plates to a Norwegian skapper who was in the **Indies**.

Later they went back to the spot, and this time they found below the surface two old brass-bound seamen's chests filled with gold and silver ornaments. The two men buried these in the jungle and swore to each other not to reveal the secret.

Shortly afterwards the other soldier died of malaria, and a few years ago, after coming home, **Mr. Watt** began to make preparations for getting the treasure which the jungle holds in its grip. He has an elaborate map, and had drawn a chart of the spot.

Who shall bring up one day the **Crown Jewels** which **King John** lost in the **Wash** seven hundred years ago? Maybe you don't know there is a **Fen Research Company** in existence, waiting for the chance to find this fortune.

The company was formed some years ago, one of the directors being **Gaspard Ponsonby**, son of the then Treasurer to the King. Others were well-known young men. The company went carefully into all the available historic documents describing the loss of the **Crown Jewels**, and it can be revealed that the spot is believed to be a strip of land running between **Sutton Bridge** and **Wisbech**. This is all agricultural land reclaimed from the **Wash** during the last two centuries.

In 1933 **Mr. Frederick Stone**, the gold diviner, of **Holsworthy, Devon**, was asked by the **Nawab of Bhopal** to help in finding a lost treasure of the State of **Bhopal**.

It is built somewhere in the massive foundations of the palace fortress, and consists of great jewels and gem-embroidered robes. When the fortress was razed to the ground the place of the treasure was lost

and all the landmarks destroyed, but it is there still.

Another treasure that awaits raising is that of the great **Buddhist Temple of Bayon**, in **Angkor**, the dead city of the **Cambodian jungle**.

An English Army major has collected all the data available and is planning an expedition when the war is over.

Several hundred years ago **Angkor** was the capital of the **Orient**. It was there that the **Emperor Kner** buried his gold and silver and gems, then marched out of the capital.

But he never returned, and the treasure is said to consist of many solid golden howdahs (elephant saddles), several golden thrones, and an immense quantity of jewels. There is a gigantic figure of **Buddha** studded with emeralds.

One Englishman, named **Saunders**, tried to find this treasure just before the present war. He sent word that he had seen the great **Buddha** and was on the trail of the treasure. Then silence.

The next news that came was that his body was found under a high wall, and every bone was broken. He had been thrown from the height. Nobody ever knew who were his murderers.

There is also a treasure, which may be lifted in the near future, from the **Rock of Perce**, in the **Gaspe peninsula** in the **Gulf of St. Lawrence**.

An expedition is to be fitted out for its recovery. The treasure is said to be that of the pirate **Peter Duval**, the **French Corsair**, who sank and plundered ships in the seas between **St. Malo** and **Spain**. His ship was the "Venture." When he had "made his pile" he sailed for America, reached the **St. Lawrence**, and on **Perce Rock** buried his loot, taking from it gold and gems as he required money.

How he got the goods up there nobody knows, as the rock is almost vertical limestone and rises to a height of nearly 300 feet. It is 2,000 feet long and 300 feet wide. It is uninhabited, and only the gulls sail around it.

But the expedition intends to take a plane and land on the summit and there discover the valuable cache, which they certainly believe is still there.

## HERE'S HOW! REMEMBER, A.B. FREDK. BURBERRY?

IT was the Christmas party at your home in 22 Denmark Street, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Remember how you arrived home just before Christmas for leave, and Tom, your brother, managed to get home, too?

Remember Anne and Betty peering from behind the door at the flashlight as this picture was taken?

Dad was awakened from his afternoon nap by the "Good Morning" photographer, but he was soon full of spirits for a picture.

This was your Christmas festivities, and we know you enjoyed them. And how!





# Unearthing the skeleton

THE rest of the story he told in a dull, dejected way. "Charlton came back after lunch. I could see that he was afraid. He told me that Baldock was in a great rage. The girl had discovered him and gone to him with a false name, the name she used at the country inn. She had begged him for time to pay. He had refused, and so Charlton said, 'The little fool has gone and drowned herself.' But Baldock, too, was frightened. He thinks, so Charlton said, there would be many enquiries about the lady. Therefore he sends me my orders."

"I am to say nothing until I am asked, and then as little as I can. I am not to know that Miss West is the Miss Warren who sometimes stays here. Miss Carnon is to leave at once. Baldock has special work for her. Charlton, too, is leaving. I am to know nothing about him. He will not stay again here until the trouble

## QUIZ for today

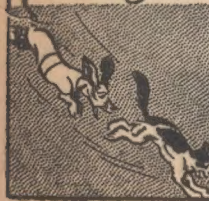
1. A scotta is a piece of earthenware, a Spanish game, bullfighter's spear, surplice, bird?
2. Who wrote (a) News from Nowhere, (b) Erewhon?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Robert Bridges, Masfield, Tennyson, Kipling, Alfred Austin?
4. On what river does Taunton stand?
5. Who is the present First Lord of the Admiralty?
6. What are the names of the four Quarter Days?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Mligible, Flannel-ette, Defensible, Iridescent, Fossilize, Battalion?
8. What rank in the A.T.S. is equivalent to an R.A.F. Squadron Leader?
9. How many blackbirds were baked in the pie?
10. For what is Oberammergau famous?
11. What is the capital of Nigeria?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) A Roland for an —, (b) Tweedledum and —.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 238

1. Bird.
2. (a) J. M. Barrie, (b) Duff Cooper.
3. Portia was a woman; others are men.
4. Lune.
5. Zee.
6. 1889.
7. Guttural, Rhododendron.
8. Captain.
9. Bill Brewer, Ben Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whidden, Harry Hawke.
10. Cairo.
11. Knight Commander of the Star of India.
12. (a) Damocles, (b) Troy.

## JANE

Fritz, pursued by Jane, has rushed on to the stage during a matinee of "Dick Whittington"



## THE LADY IN NUMBER FOUR

By Richard Keverne

PART XXII

out his hands pleadingly. "You will help me?"

Salter said sternly, "I will advise you, Mr. Leone. I should like to use a telephone; in private, please."

"Certainly, sir," Leone looked bemused, and rose. "In my room next door is a telephone."

Salter said, "I am going to ring up Detective Inspector Mace, of the County Police. I am going to tell him that you have made an important statement to me. I am going to tell him that you wish to make a similar statement to him."

"I will go," Leone said submissively. Salter was some little time before he returned. Leone looked at him anxiously as he came into the room. But Salter addressed Hugh Merrow.

"I've been through to the hospital," he said. "The news is not too bad; she's recovered consciousness and they don't think there's any serious internal injury." Then he turned to the wretched Italian.

"Mr. Leone, I have told Inspector Mace that you will be at

Wilborough Police Station at ten o'clock. In your own interests I advise you again to go," he said.

It was four o'clock before Merrow went to his room that morning, and even then he left Salter at a table in the oak-beamed parlour, writing.

They had been sitting there for a couple of hours while Salter worked out a reconstruction of the murder of Janet Warren and of the events that led up to it.

Merrow answered question after question as Salter strove to get the story clear. Still there were gaps to fill, but the detective had hopes that the statements of Charlton and the two women would help there.

Salter kept up a running commentary as he wrote.

"Leone's story supports Bailey about the bag. Baldock made a big bloomer there. Eve found the bag, you say? Must see her in the morning and check the exact place. Obviously what Baldock took was Sudbourne's letter. Didn't want that found. Nastier bit of work, Baldock, than even I imagined. Clearly he planned to kill Warren from the moment he knew she'd cornered him. Exactly what she told him we shall never know. Like to, though. Must have convinced him he was done. Wonder why he sent Marks down to Chaldean. About that bag, Miss Darcy's still got it, I suppose? Do you remember what she found in it?"

"Mostly pulp," Merrow said. "She told me no papers were decipherable, except a few Treasury notes. I'll get it for you after breakfast if I can find it. Baldock made another bloomer there, if we'd only thought of it. He said the bag was of old brocade. It isn't. It's made of a gay striped stuff, sort of peasant stuff you see abroad."

"The fellow was lying hard. Too hard. Which all goes to show how badly Miss Warren had scared him."

Even when he got to bed Merrow could not rest. Yet when he did fall asleep it was into the deep unconsciousness of immense mental exhaustion.

He woke to find Eve by his bedside. She looked worried. "It's after ten o'clock, sir," she said. "I did bring your tea as usual, and I thought you answered me."

"After ten!" Merrow exclaimed. "Good lord, Eve! Is Mr. Salter—Mr. Pollock down?"

"Why, yes, sir. He had his breakfast ever so early and he's gone out." Then, unable to contain her news longer, Eve burst out: "Oh, sir, something awful's going on. There's been policemen down at Mr. Baldock's all night, and they do say he's been

taken up for something dreadful. And there's poor Miss Darcy. Mr. Pollock was telling dad she'd had an awful accident. Sir, what's it all about?"

Merrow said, "It means, Eve, that Mr. Baldock wasn't quite the nice gentleman we thought he was. I'll be down within twenty minutes. Get me some toast and an egg or something."

Eve departed looking bewildered.

Argent was waiting for him in the hall when he came downstairs a quarter of an hour later.

Sir Philip had come straight from the Wilborough Hospital. He had heard the news from Salter early that morning. He brought a reassuring report. Gwen had a broken arm, and it was yet too soon to be sure what the results of the concussion and shock might be. But otherwise they were hopeful.

Argent said, "If anything does go wrong, you can rely on me, Merrow, to see that she gets the best man in the country to treat her. That's a part in this terrible business that I can undertake."

Tragedy piled on tragedy. Windham, the policeman, had died. Nurse Marshall had gone overboard from the yacht as she came up the river, so Salter had told Argent. Charlton and the woman Marks were safely in custody, and Baldock was to be brought before a special court at Wilborough at noon.

Argent had to get back to Oldford, but he promised to keep in touch with the hospital, and Merrow spent a very unhappy morning.

Stephen told Merrow that the police had been working at the Priory since daybreak, searching the house. Salter had already told him the main facts of the case, and Merrow was grateful to the old fellow for not wanting to talk much about it.

"I had a feeling that it was a very bad business from the beginning," he said gravely, "but I never thought it would turn out like this. But there it is, Mr Merrow; what can't be cured must be endured."

Merrow sat in the office bar, waiting for Salter's return and admiring the unruffled way Stephen and Eve went on with their normal routine.

Salter turned up just before

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Now, Commander, try this for size!"

lunch, looking brisk and cheerful and showing no signs of fatigue.

Things were going well, he said. Baldock had been remanded. He had to face a double charge—the murder of Janet Warren and being an accessory to the murder of Janet.

Charlton and Marks were to be charged later with being accessories to the murder of Janet.

"But that won't be pressed," Salter said. "Very doubtful if the police could make a case there. It'll be blackmail they'll have to face. I've given the Superintendent enough to justify another warrant. And they're talking, too. Charlton's lost his head, he's so damned terrified of the murder charge. To save himself he's as good as confessed to the blackmail. Marks is different. She's talking right enough, but her line is that she was merely employed by Baldock to watch Leone."

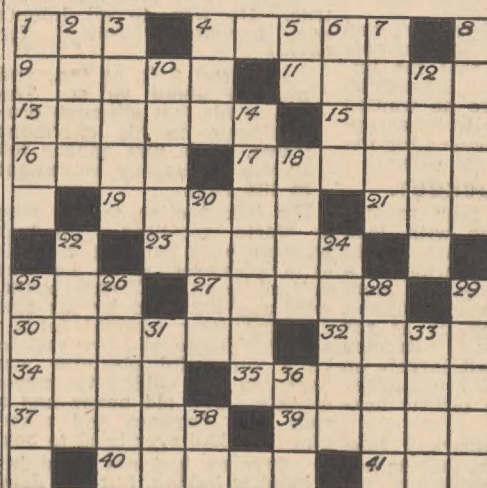
"But what about Chaldean?" Merrow asked.

"She said nothing about it till she was faced with Leone's statement. She swore Baldock sent her down there to get some information about Miss Warren. But they soon got her rattled. She started a new lie; said that Baldock admitted to being worried about something Miss Warren had told him, then got tied up and let out that he told her someone had been making enquiries down there about Marshall and she was to find out who. They asked her why it took her nearly a month and she hedged again. But it came out at last. Baldock was afraid someone would make enquiries and she was sent to watch there till the storm blew over."

Hawes came in very excited. "They've found something," sir," he said. "Hid away in a sort of cellar. The Inspector asked me to drop in and let you know."

(To be continued)

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Climbing plant.
- 4 Amiss.
- 9 Corpulent.
- 11 Conifer.
- 13 Trouble.
- 15 Conceited.
- 16 Sustain.
- 17 Issue.
- 19 Shelf.
- 21 Noise.
- 23 Curved.
- 25 Horse.
- 27 Guiding facts.
- 30 N. American territory.
- 32 Accept bait.
- 34 Shrub.
- 35 Cause.
- 37 Moving.
- 39 Construct.
- 40 Decree.
- 41 Allow.

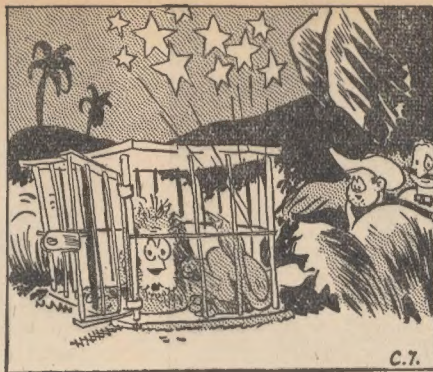
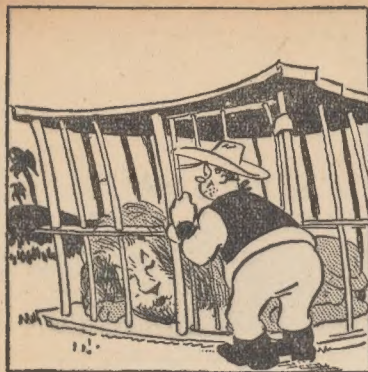
### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Leisure pursuit.
- 2 Wind instrument.
- 3 Part of flower.
- 4 Very small.
- 5 All in order.
- 6 Hub.
- 7 Protect.
- 8 Made of flax.
- 10 Small beast.
- 12 Strict.
- 14 Symmetrical.
- 18 Food list.
- 20 Weed.
- 22 Unaccompanied.
- 24 Preclude.
- 25 Clique.
- 26 Sew temporarily.
- 28 Fibre.
- 29 Belief.
- 31 Climb.
- 33 Volume.
- 36 Newt.
- 38 Artist.

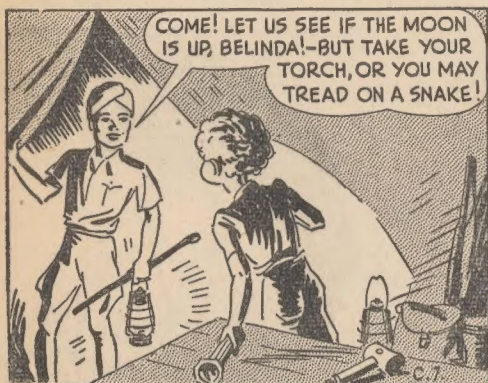
LAMP DISHES  
RELIANCE V  
CITE MIRAGE  
IDEAL MURAL  
V SEDIMENT  
IBSEN C RYE  
CAT SPAR M  
NOD OLIVER  
CALICO FIDO  
ANIMAL LEES  
BAD RENEW Y



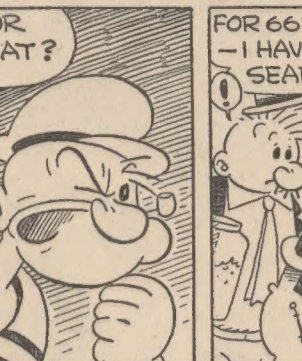
## BEELZEBUB JONES



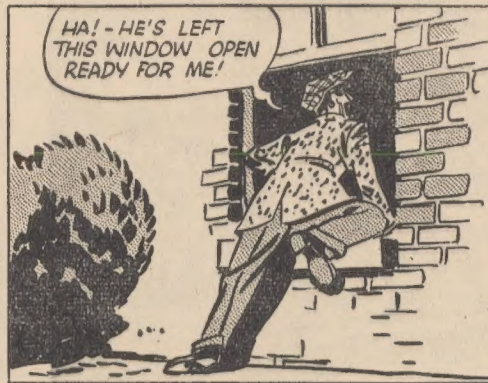
## BELINDA



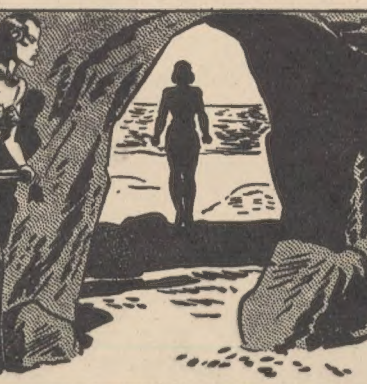
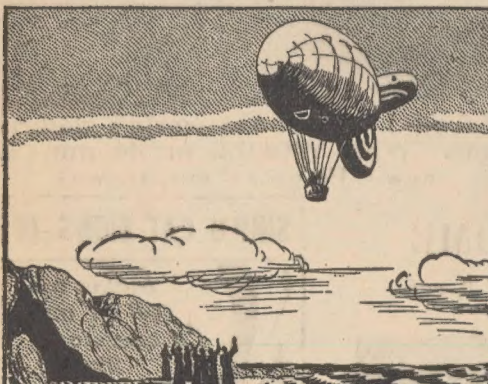
## POPEYE



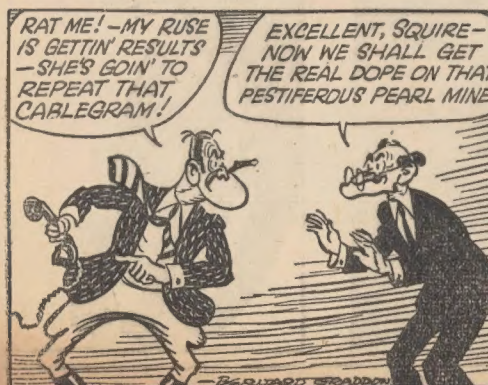
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## News From Nowhere

By ODO DREW

## GHASTLY FLEET STREET TRAGEDY.

COMPLAINTS to the Ministry of Food have led to the discovery of the greatest tragedy that has struck Fleet Street for many years past.

Several newspaper offices, including "Good Morning," are plunged into gloom at the loss of members of their staff. Three of our own—two reporters and a cameraman—had not been seen for several days, but it was thought that they were enjoying the society of certain submariners who were in town on leave—normal occurrence—and no notice was taken, as it was felt that they would return when they wanted some more money, as they had done on many previous occasions.

What actually happened is revealed in the following:—

Some days ago the Ministry of Food were informed that in a veal pie purchased in a Fleet Street delicatessen shop, kept by a Mrs. Lovett, had been found a man's thumb, with nail complete.

Both thumb and nail were stained by chemicals to a deep brown, evidence, according to Scotland Yard, that they had belonged to a Press photographer.

Almost at the same time a sailor named Mark Ingestrie called at the Yard and complained that he had been defrauded of a pearl necklace by a barber named Todd—known to his intimates as "Sweeney."

By a coincidence, the sailor told his story to the same inspector who was investigating the "thumb in the pie" case, and the detective was struck by the fact that the barber's shop was situated next door to the pie-shop.

When the police called on Todd they made a strange discovery. Underneath one of the customers' chairs was a trap-door.

A midnight visit when the shop was closed revealed that underneath the trap-door was a cellar, from which a door led into Mrs. Lovett's underground bakery.

Further investigations revealed several suits of clothes, stained with blood, clothes that had obviously belonged to newspapermen, since they were shabby, old-fashioned, and contained nothing but bills, writs and unpaid income tax demands.

Soon the whole ghastly story was pieced together. Todd had cut the throats of many of his customers as they were being shaved, dropped the bodies down into the cellar beneath, whence they were retrieved by Mrs. Lovett, who stripped them, put them through the mincer, and incorporated them in the veal pies for which the shop had long been famous.

In this connection it is significant to note that this woman had told a customer only recently that the rationing of meat did not worry her at all.

An arrest was at once decided upon, and the police called at the barber's shop the following morning. As they knocked, however, piercing screams could be heard from next door.

Todd must have learned somehow or other that all was up, and was engaged in cutting Mrs. Lovett's throat as the police forced an entrance. As soon as the door had been broken down, flames burst out in every direction, and though every attempt was made to secure the criminals, the police were beaten back and the two buildings were burnt to the ground.

In the ruins were found charred bones, not only of Todd and the woman, but of at least a dozen other people.

One can imagine what happened to the three "Good Morning" men. Having finished their festivities, they decided to return to the office. Before doing so they called in at the barber's to be tidied up. They went to their deaths—tidy.

## VITAL POST-WAR PROBLEM.

OUR diplomatic correspondent writes: I learn in informed political quarters of an aspect of post-war years which has hitherto received little consideration, but which is now affording much food for anxious thought.

The number of the United Nations has already passed the half-century, and is increasing almost daily. It is not too much to expect that, at the end of the war, the only missing nations will be the German and the Japanese. These cannot, obviously, be excluded for ever, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that, sooner or later, they will be admitted to the great Brotherhood of Nations.

All seats at the round table will then be occupied.

It is here that the problem arises. It is a truism that the very life of any active, progressive institution depends on the existence of some form of opposition.

No business can thrive without competition; perfect harmony tends, inevitably, to reaction. And so, it is felt, it may be necessary eventually to create some kind of opposition by artificial means. That course may be essential in order to keep alive a Parliament of the World. In the result it may lead to fundamental dissensions, breakings away, and the rebirth of the old, selfish nationalisms which led to the Second World War.

The query has been put and an answer must be found.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



## DOTS AND POINTS

Both of which, when associated with Maureen O'Sullivan, are VERY excellent.



## This England

Old stone cottages at Arlington Row, Bibury, Gloucester.



"Whoa there! The startin' gun hasn't gone yet. Gosh! Am I sorry I entered for this chariot race?"

## ANY TIME'S KISSING TIME

But this completely knocks the phrase, "A cat-and-dog life" sideways, doesn't it?"



"Never let the grass grow under ya feet," sed ma Momma; "Go out into the world."



"Well, ah's a-goin'. I alus does what ma Momma sez. Goobyee, home town."



"Let the great big world keep turnin'. Boy, oh, boy! Steady there!"



"Aw—! The whole world's deserted me. What WOULD ma Momma say now? I'll go an' ask, anyway."

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Makes me feel all unnecessary like."

